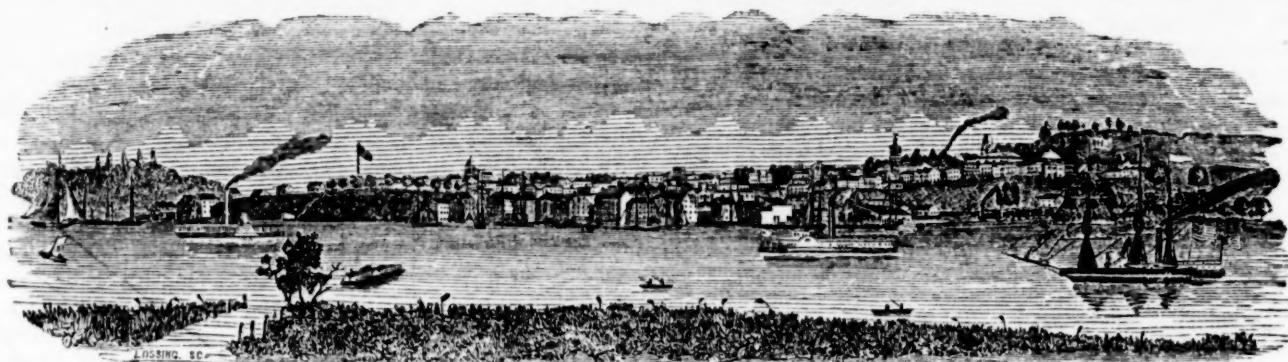


RURAL REPOSITORY.



ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.

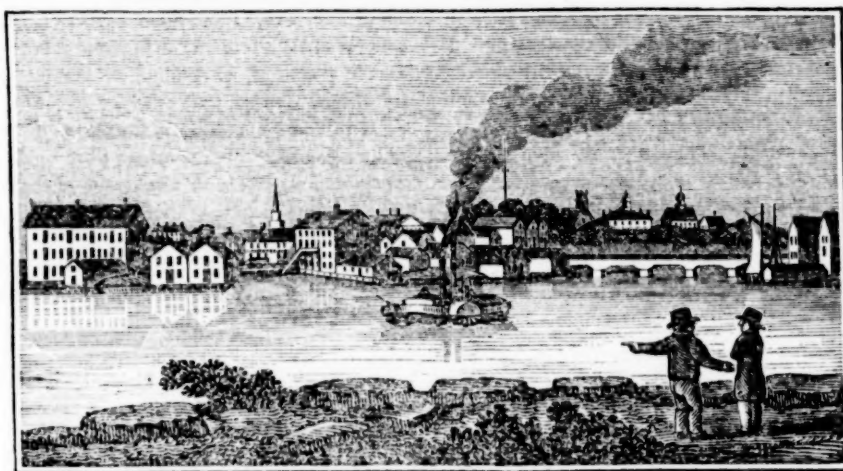
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VIEW OF OGDENSBURG, N. Y.



OGDENSBURG, has a population of 2,555. It is 204 miles north from Albany, 60 below Kingston, 130 from Montreal, 120 west from Plattsburgh, 63 north-east from Sacketts Harbor, and 18 from Canton. This was formerly the county seat but it has been removed to Canton. The above view was taken on the bank of the Oswegatchie river, near the ruins of the old barracks. The steeple seen on the left is that of the Presbyterian church; the one on the extreme right the old court-house; the academy is next to it; and the square steeple is that of the Episcopal denomination. The first religious society organized was the Presbyterian; they held their meetings as far back as 1811, in the old court-house. In 1819, they erected their first church, a few rods south-west of where the present stone church now stands. There are here 1 Baptist, 1 Methodist, 1 Episcopal, 1 Roman Catholic, and 1 Presbyterian church, besides a society of Unitarians.

The proximity of the town to the Canada line made it an important place during the late war, and the scene of several minor military operations. The following is extracted from Thompson's History of the Late War.

In retaliation for a daring exploit performed by Capt. Forsyth of the rifle regiment, in the destruction of an immense quantity of stores, &c. collected at the small village of Gananoque, in the town of Leeds, in Canada, "the enemy determined on attacking and destroying the town of Ogdensburg. Opposite to this is situated the Canadian village of

Prescott, before which the British had a strong line of breastworks. On the 2d of October, 1812, they opened a heavy cannonading on the town from their batteries, and continued to bombard it with little intermission until the night of the 3d: one or two buildings only were injured. On Sunday, the 4th, having prepared forty boats, with from ten to fifteen armed men in each, they advanced with six pieces of artillery, to storm the town. General Brown commanded at Ogdensburg in person, and when the enemy had advanced within a short distance, he ordered his troops to open a warm fire upon them. The British, nevertheless, steadily approached the shore, and kept up their fire for two hours; during which they sustained the galling fire of the Americans, until one of their boats was taken, and two others so shattered, that their crews were obliged to abandon them; they then relinquished the assault and fled to Prescott. There has been no engagement, perhaps, which exhibited more gallantry on both sides. In this attack Gen. Brown had under his command about 400 men, the British 1000."

The annexed account of the taking of this place on the 21st of February, 1813, is extracted from the same source as the above.

"The movements of the enemy at Prescott were indicative of an intention to attack Ogdensburg. Colonel Benedict was therefore induced to call out his regiment of militia and arrangements were immediately made for the defence of the place. On the 21st of February, the enemy appeared before it,

with a force of twelve hundred men, and succeeded in driving out Capt. Forsyth and his troops. The British attacked in two columns, of six hundred of the men each, at 8 o'clock in the morning, and were commanded by Capt. M'Donnell of the Glengary light infantry, and Colonel Fraser of the Canadian militia. The American riflemen and militia received them with firmness, and contended for the ground upwards of an hour when the superiority of numbers compelled them to abandon it and to retreat to Black Lake, nearly nine miles from Ogdensburg, after losing twenty men in killed and wounded. The loss of the enemy, from the deliberate coolness with which the riflemen fired, was reputed to have been thrice that number. The British account, which claimed the capture of immense stores, none of which had ever been deposited there, admitted the loss of five distinguished officers. In consequence of this affair, a message was sent by the commandant of Fort George, to colonel M'Feely, the commandant of Fort Niagara, informing him that a salute would be fired the next day in honor of the capture of the American village. Colonel M'Feely having received intelligence in the course of the same evening, of the capture of his majesty's frigate the Java, returned the message to the British commandant, by communicating to him his intention of firing a salute, at the same hour from Fort Niagara, in celebration of this brilliant event."

The following additional particulars respecting the taking of Ogdensburg were obtained by personal conversation with a resident at that time. The British landed in the northeast part of the village, near some barracks occupied by a detachment of militia under Captain Lytle, which he evacuated and then joined Col. Forsyth at the fort. The enemy marched up through Ford-street, and when the Americans had abandoned the fort, they crossed over on the ice opposite to the Eagle Hotel. Besides the public stores destroyed by them, they took away a large quantity of provisions, &c. private property, which they were much in need of, but for which they afterward paid full price. A barn is now standing on the south east side of Ford-street, near the corner of Water-street, where holes made by grape shot fired from the fort are still to be seen. The Glengarian regiment, which was in the attack, was quite celebrated during the military operations on the frontier. This corps were from the county of Glengary, in Upper Canada. Their religion was

Catholic, and they were the descendants of Scotch Highlanders.

Windmill Point in its vicinity, is memorable as being the spot, where, during the recent struggle in Canada, a small body of men, under the unfortunate Van Schoultz, gallantly defended themselves against an overpowering force of British and Canadians. The following account of this affair, usually termed the "Battle of Prescott," is principally drawn from a work recently published by E. A. Theller, Esq. and entitled Canada in 1837-8.

Early in November, 1838, the patriots, (so called,) who had secretly rallied in clubs in and about Syracuse, Oswego, Sacketts Harbor, Watertown, Ogdensburg, French creek, and at other points on or near the American line, began to exhibit an intention of making a fresh demonstration at some point in Upper Canada. About the 10th, two schooners were noticed as being freighted from canal boats, which had come up the Oswego canal under suspicious circumstances, and to sail out of the harbor in a northern direction. On the 12th, the steamboat United States, which had been detained in port by a heavy gale, sailed for Sacketts Harbor. Here she took aboard about 250 patriots. The two schooners spoken of, were next discovered by the United States, lying in the river St. Lawrence; when Capt. Van Cleave complied with the request of a passenger of respectable appearance, to take them in tow; saying they were loaded with merchandise for Ogdensburg, which he was desirous of getting into port the next morning. Accordingly the schooners were lashed one each side of the steamer. The boxes and barrels on their decks, with just men enough in sight to navigate them, exhibited no evidence of their being other than represented by the passenger. The captain was soon undeceived, by armed men climbing from the schooners on to his boat, to the number of some 200, and he determined to lay at Morristown, 10 miles above Ogdensburg, and give notice to the authorities. On arriving at that neighborhood, the patriots, after transferring about 100 of the boat's passengers, unfastened their vessels, and were found the next morning at anchor in the river, between Ogdensburg and Prescott, filled with armed men. Both towns were now the scene of excitement; for it was evident that Fort Wellington was the point of attack, and both shores were soon thronged with citizens. The Experiment, a British armed steamboat, was lying at the Prescott wharf, and by this time the United States had arrived at Ogdensburg. On her arrival, the people, with loud cheers, rushed on board and went to the relief of one of the schooners which by accident had got aground on the shoal in the river. Not succeeding in reaching her, they returned to the boat for a longer haul. As she went out again, the Experiment came out and fired two shots, but without effect; and she passed down the river about a mile to Windmill Point, to the other schooner, which had succeeded in landing her forces, and was returning to take off the men from the grounded vessel. The Experiment followed her, and when the United States was covering her on her way up, kept up an irregular fire upon both, without effect. The United States having seen the schooner she was protecting anchored under the Ogdensburg shore, returned again to Windmill Point, where William Johnson with small boats landed 110 men. Meantime the American steam ferry-boat, Paul Pry, ran over to the stranded vessel, and hauled her off under a brisk fire from the Experiment, which the former returned with

small arms, killing 7 of the Experiment's men, but losing none. The United States was now returning and again encountered the fire of the Experiment, breaking glass lights and doing other damage. Those who remained after the disembarkation, about 25 in number, stood upon the promenade deck and cheered the discharges as they came. During this, a shot passing through the wheel-house, killed Mr. Solomon Foster, a young man, the helmsman of the boat. As the United States now went into port, she was surrendered to her owners, and immediately seized by the United States authorities, which completed the forenoon's operations.

"Commodore Bill Johnson" who had come on to Ogdensburg on the return of the United States, addressed 'the patriots' present, urging and beseeching them to go with him and join those who had crossed. He succeeded in crossing with some, in one of the schooners, at two or three different times; whilst most of the afternoon and evening was occupied at Windmill Point, by the patriots, fortifying their position, and preparing for the contest. They had taken possession of the windmill and other large stone buildings, to the number of about 200, which were increased by accessions from the small boats crossing over in the evening. It was seen that at Fort Wellington the British were also engaged in making preparations; but towards night there was scarcely a living soul seen in the streets of Prescott. There was no fighting that night. During the evening the steamboat Telegraph, with Col. Worth, of the United States army, had arrived, accompanied by two companies of United States troops, and by Mr. Garrow, a United States marshal, who immediately took into custody all the craft which had been employed by the patriots, including the United States, the two schooners, and the Paul Pry; and made effectual arrangements to cut off all further supplies of men, arms or provisions from the patriot camp, after which, all remained quiet during the night, except the report of cannon at long intervals. Early on the morning of the 13th, the British armed steamers Cobourg and Traveller, had arrived at Prescott with troops; and at about 7 o'clock, they, together with the Experiment, opened a discharge of cannon, and commenced throwing bombs at the patriots at the windmill, who discharged field pieces from their battery on shore in return. At about 8 o'clock a line of fire blazed along the summit of the hill, in the rear of the windmill, for about 80 or 100 rods, and the crack of the rifles and muskets made one continuous roar. It appears that by the time the firing commenced in the morning, there were but 180 of those who had crossed left at Windmill Point; and that when they were attacked by land, in rear of their position, some 52 of these fled, leaving only 128 to face from 600 to 800 British regulars and volunteers. After a fight of about an hour, according to Theller's account, the British were driven back into their fort with a loss it is supposed of about 100 killed and many wounded. The patriots lost 5 men and 13 wounded. On the morning of the 14th little was done, and the British having sent a flag of truce for permission to bury the dead, the request was granted. Afterward when the patriots sent a flag, the bearer was shot. On the 15th, the British received a reinforcement of 400 regulars, with cannon and gun-boats, by steamboats from Kingston, and volunteers numbering in all about 2,000; who surrounded the mill by their gun-boats and steamers on the river, and by stationing cannon and troops on land; and keeping up a con-

tinual cannonading until Friday evening, when the patriots surrendered. At 5 o'clock, the same afternoon, a white flag was displayed from the mill, but no attention being paid to it, it was finally fastened on the out side; then 3 or 4 flags were sent out, and the bearers shot down as soon as seen. Immediately after the surrender, the British burnt 4 dwellings and two barns in the vicinity of the windmill. According to the account of Theller, 36 patriots were killed, 2 escaped, and 90 were made prisoners; and of the British about 150 men were killed and 20 officers, among whom was Capt. Drummond. The patriots were commanded by Van Schoultz, a Polander, who had fought for the freedom of his native land, and witnessed her expiring agonies at ill-fated Warsaw. When driven to desperation, he opposed the offering to the enemy the flag of truce, and besought his men to rush upon the enemy and die in the contest; but their ammunition and provisions were exhausted, and a five days fatigue in active night and day defence had worn them out and made them indifferent to their fate. At the trials, Van Schoultz pleaded guilty and was sentenced to death, and was executed Dec. 9th, 1838, aged 31. Col. Dorephus Abbey, of Watertown, Jefferson county; Col. Martin Woodruff, of Salina, Onondago county, and Daniel George, and others, suffered the same fate with Van Schoultz. A number of others were finally released, while the others were sentenced to transportation, and with those in a like situation, who had been respited, after their trials, and with Messrs. John G. Parker, Watson, and others, to the number of 23, were sent to England, and from thence, in company with 11 convicted felons, were transported to Van Diemen's Land."

TABLES.

From the Olive Branch.

WHAT IS ONE'S LOSS IS OFTEN ANOTHER'S GAIN.

HUNDREDS and thousands of stories have been written and told, in which the trials, loves, disappointments and successes, of almost every class of persons have been sketched.

Scholars, mechanics, farmers, sailors, warriors, gentlemen, laborers, and in fact almost every grade of people, from the beggar to the king, have shivered innumerable lances in this crusade of romance.

If we believe what is written, individuals with delicate constitutions, with lily hands and taper fingers, who would faint to see the pure light, and breathe the sweet air of the morning unveiled and unclouded; who would shriek and swoon to see a chair or table, the limbs of which were destitute of pantalets; who are so refined and so fashionably informed, that they cannot, for the life of them tell whether potatoes grow at the top or the bottom of their vines; whether cucumbers grow already sliced up for eating or not; or whether a person who works for a living, belongs to the same race of beings with themselves or not—have passed through thrilling and indelible scenes; gone through enough to kill some dozen or twenty of the most hearty and robust men, and finally, have been restored to health, beauty, peace, home, happiness and love!

Traders and retail store-keepers have enacted comparatively few parts in these dramas; therefore the reader will excuse this intrusion, the foundation of which, to say the least, is as good as that of hundreds of stories, which are greedily sought and swallowed for truth.

As a young man was walking up Washington street, Boston, one pleasant day in April, of the year 1840, he saw written in plain letters, on a closed window shutter. "This store to let, enquire of Mr. H. at next door, No. —;" he stopped and surveyed the outward premises, to judge of the locality, and business advantages of the stand; then stepping into the store of Mr. H. he accosted a person resembling a shadow more than a man, who, some six feet long, was standing behind the counter, (with his elbows out through the sleeves of his coat, which was also slightly rent under the right arm,) and asked him if he had the letting of the next store.

The man of thread and tape, put one end of the yard-stick he held in his hand, between his legs, and twisting it half round his body, replied, "Yes sir;—do you wish to hire?"

"What rent do you ask, Mr. H.?"

"Five hundred;—a very cheap rent;—could get more just as quick, if we asked it;—first rate stand; will you look at it, sir?"

"Yes, I'll go into it, if you please."

The "shadow" turned to the shop-boy at the farther end of the counter, and roared out, "Here, Tom, get the key to t'other store: come, start yourself quick, and not be all day." Then turning towards the young man again, whom we will introduce to you by the name of John Lincoln, he continued, "That Tom is the laziest boy I ever saw."

Tom after jumping several times at a large key, which hung on a nail seven feet from the floor, at last succeeded in knocking it down; and tossing it towards the Shadow, he accidentally hit him on the nose; for that important member of physiognomy, in him, was of most enormous dimensions, and revealed to the observer, what he might otherwise doubt, that its wearer was really made of material substance, and was not an optical illusion. But the Shadow had lungs, and an acute sense of feeling, as he evinced immediately upon sustaining this accidental hit, by roaring out to Tom, as he broke the yardstick over his head, "You scamp, what did you throw that key in my face for?"

"I didn't intend to hit you," replied Tom, a smart little fellow of twelve years evidently curbing the desire to give the nose a blow with his clenched fist.

"Didn't intend to hit me, you lazy rascal! There, take that! and that! and that!" accompanying each exclamation with a cuff or a kick, which Tom now began to return with such good effect, as to compel the Shadow to retreat, with his proboscis swollen much beyond its ordinarily large dimensions, and spouting in two large streams of scarlet.

Lincoln would have interfered in behalf of Tom, but he saw at a glance, that, though small, and not claming more than half the years of the Shadow, still, to use a common-place expression, "he was enough for him, any day."

After much long talk, and wiping of the nose, during which, and the fight, several people who happened to be passing, had stepped in to learn the cause of the row, and as quickly, retired, upon seeing that it was nothing but a fight between a shop-boy and a clerk—quarrels between clerks in our stores being of to common an occurrence to excite the least notice—the Shadow picked up the key, and Lincoln followed him into the "Store to let."

Lincoln with an elder brother had been in the Dry Goods business in the town of A. about fifty miles from Boston, and having sold out to another

firm in the same town, their whole stock and trade, they were desirous of commencing in the city.

"Is the sum you mentioned the lowest for which you will rent the store?" asked Lincoln, after sufficiently examining the place.

"Yes, the lowest cent; we could get more should we ask it;—cheap rent—first rate stand—several want it—rents will be higher a month from now."

"Very well," said Lincoln, "we shall not stand in the way of any one who will give five hundred rent for this store. Seeing the notice on the window shutter, I tho't I would inquire the rent, and look at the place; but it is not worth five hundred to us. As you say several wish to rent it, I suppose it is no disappointment to you if I am not of that number."

"Well," exclaimed the Shadow, "now we think five hundred is a low rent for this stand. Messrs. B. & Sons pay six hundred for not so good a store; and E. & J. pay seven hundred for their shop, just below. How much should you be willing to pay for it?"

"My brother and myself wish for a store and should he consent, we would give four hundred; but should not go higher for a place like this."

"Well, you had better see Mr. H. and talk with him, though I think he will not rent it so low as that; just step into our store again, Mr. H. will be in soon, and you can see what he will do."

"Ah, then you are not the owner? You are not Mr. H.?"

Blushing to think he had been detected in claiming the name of his master, the Shadow answered, "No, I keep for him."

They now went back into the store of Mr. H. and Lincoln taking a newspaper from his pocket, sat down to wait the coming of the owner, while Baily, the Shadow, was showing several rolls of carpeting to a lady and gentlemen who came in just then, and enquired for the article. The lady selected a piece, and the gentleman told Baily to cut off six yards. The Shadow unrolled the carpeting, and picking up the broken pieces of the two yardsticks, (for both had been destroyed in the fight,) was vainly trying to make the broken parts unite, when Mr. H. came in. Seeing the occupation of Baily, he enquired how the yardsticks became broken.

Baily, though a great tyrant over Tom, was a great coward, and a menial slave to Mr. H. who was a very stern man, and ruled his clerks with an iron rod, whether boy or man. This Shadow stammered out, that the lady and gentleman wished for six yards of carpeting and that he had broken the yardsticks in a scuffle with Tom.

Mr. H. looking round and seeing Tom was not in the store, determined to punish Baily, and was glad to do so when Tom was out; for should he see the punishment, he might neglect obedience to the Shadow afterwards, whereas Mr. H. had always enjoined upon his younger clerks, obedience to the older. He held Tom as a favorite, and despised the cowardly meanness of Baily, and being something of a wag withal, he turned to the gentleman and lady and said.

"This fellow is always quarreling; you see the fruits of his fight to-day; now he is good six feet long, and if you are willing to take three times his length for the six yards of carpeting, I will punish him by using him for the measuring stick."

The purchaser was a snug fisted man, and seeing he was likely to get full scripture measure, consented immediately. Whereupon Mr. H. placed one end of the carpeting near the door, and carrying

the other to the back of the store, ordered Baily, either to lie down upon it, and let him mark off three times his length for the six yards, or to leave his employ.

Baily knew that he must do one or the other, and not knowing where to go should he be discharged from his present employer, he concluded to play the yardstick, and actually laid down while Mr. H. marked off three times his length, to the great amusement of the beholders, who did not scruple to manifest their approbation of the punishment, by sundry smiles and blushes from the lady, and laughter from the gentleman and Lincoln.

Baily having performed his office sneaked off, looking more like a shadow than ever; and the customers having retired, Lincoln made known to Mr. H. his business, who after finding four hundred dollars was the extent Lincoln would pay for the rent of the store, concluded to let him have it at that price, rather than run the risk of losing so good an offer.

Lincoln's brother liked the arrangement and in a few days after the above occurrence, they might have been seen displaying a fine assortment of Dry Goods at No. — Washington street, next door above the Carpet and Fancy Goods Store of Mr. H. and their advertisement might have been seen, not only in the daily papers of Boston, but in the weekly Literary Journals also, which are at least equal if not superior mediums through which traders and others, desiring their advertisements to be of use and profit, and to be extensively seen, read and appreciated should make them public.

We will now pass over the intermediate space of time, between the raising of a sign over Lincoln's store, bearing the inscription of "T. & J. Lincoln," and the middle of July, 1842, at which time their trade which had been paying a fair living and small surplus, like all kinds of business at that period of time, began to fall off and scarce pay their expenses.

The Lincolns had come from the country with a small capital, and had gone into business in the city, strangers and unknown. They had succeeded as well as could have been expected, and by their strictly honest and fair dealing, simple, kind, amiable and unassuming deportment they had won the esteem and respect of their creditors and small circle of acquaintances.

They were both single men. John, the younger, twenty-three years of age, was decidedly handsome in face and form, winning in manners, possessed of a mind of a high and decided order, and extremely well educated in all English branches of literature. He was deservedly a favorite with all who knew him, and neither few nor far between were the amiable and beautiful young maidens, both in the country and the city, who would gladly have exchanged hearts with him; nor would they have lost by the bargain.

But as yet he was free from, and unmoved by the meshes of love's silken net, and unwounded by Cupid's silver dart.—He honored, respected, and treated with attention, all who came in his way, especially the bright eyes, pure hearts, and smiling faces of the gentler sex. He knew not that he was loved, though many a heart for him did warmly beat; and loving all, by all beloved, he lived gaily, a stranger to sorrow or sadness. Did out-of-door occupations detain him from the store, many were the enquiries after him which his brother must answer, both from the young and the old, from the sad and the gay.

At this time, when business had become so dull,

Thomas, the elder brother, went on a visit to their friends in the country, one of whom, on his return to the city, he would call his wife, leaving John to take charge of the store alone. Although at this time scarcely customers enough called for goods, to pay for keeping open, yet it would not do to shut up the store; and John was confined from morning till night, scarcely taking time to eat his meals.

Being of a social nature, and all his acquaintances being his friends, he was contented and happy, when other traders around him, were discontented, sleepy, inactive and cross. His leisure time he improved in reading and study, and his brother had been absent just a fortnight, while trade had been ruinously dull, yet he had not seen one weary moment till now; but this morning he felt dull; in spite of the lovely day, the last day of July, he felt sad and melancholy. The day wore slowly away; not a friend happened in to make him a social call; and two or three crabbed, mean, rich men had enquired for as many different articles of goods, and offered him about one half their value for them, with a haughty stiff pride and consciousness of their great importance, saying it was the most they would give, whether they had the articles or not, and if he would not sell at their prices, others would, who must have the money or fail. With these worse than exceptions, no customers had been into his store that day.

It was now five o'clock in the afternoon, John was thinking of his desolate and companionless condition; of the happiness of his brother; of the value of friends in whom to confide one's thoughts and cares; and from whom sympathy could be expected. His brother, his only confidant, had now been gone a fortnight, nor would return, for a time as much longer, and then with a friend nearer and dearer than himself. Weeks to him usually seemed days, but now, when he thought of his brother's return, of the dullness of trade, of the notes that would become due before the expiration of that time, (the time his brother was to return,) that no acquaintance had called on him that day, that he must not leave the store to make a single call himself, and hundreds of other sad and gloomy thoughts, that involuntarily crowd upon the mind at certain periods, weeks seemed like months.

I said John was of a social and affectionate disposition; he needed friends to associate with, more than people in general need them; and the want of a particular friend, he now felt more strongly than ever before. His affections, as has been stated above, were extended to all his friends, and no one in particular had held absolute sway in his breast. He had often slightly felt the want of such a friend and had formed such a one in his imagination, and had loved it, as well as he was capable of loving a thing purely ideal; for when he reflected thereon, he felt it was but ideal, and was sad to acknowledge it so.

While musing in this dull strain, a young lady leading a little girl, stepped into the store. Endeavoring to assume a cheerful appearance, he stepped behind the counter, and walked towards them—The youth, beauty, intelligence, purity and loveliness of the lady, banished in an instant every sad feeling, and with delight and joy beaming in his countenance, he politely asked her what kind of goods she would look at.

The lady enquired for children's mits, small enough for the little girl she held by the hand.

Lincoln replied that they had not the article, and asked if there was anything else he could show her.

"Nothing else to-day, sir, I thank you; do you know where I can get a pair so small?"

"I do not, really," answered he. "I hardly ever saw so small a pair, of the quality you wish."

"I do not know that I shall be able to find such, for I have already called at more than a dozen stores, and none of them have anything near what I wish for."

"It is not impossible that you may find a pair at some of the stores, though I have no idea at which."

"I think that I will call at a few more shops, for the little girl's mother is very desirous of obtaining them. Good afternoon, sir."

"Good afternoon," responded he to the lady—"good-by, my little dear," to the bright-eyed little girl, who was about two years old, and seemed to be looking in Lincoln's face for a parting smile.

"Good-by," said the little prattler, and then turning to the lady, to see if the action was approved, they were both the next moment passing out of the store.

John could not refrain from following them to the door, and with eager eyes he saw them lost in the crowd of people passing by. But just at the moment of losing sight of them, the lady turned and looked back; their eyes met, and each felt the blood slightly suffuse the face, and they turned blushing away, with feelings of pleasurable uncertainty, for which they could hardly account.

Lincoln with pleasure recalled to mind the image of the young maiden, for such he felt confident she was, and thought, at last his dreamy hopes were to be realized.

"She exceeds my most exaggerated idea of beauty, purity and loveliness!" exclaimed he, "and henceforth I shall not live in vain."

Again he went to the door, and looked earnestly in the direction he had seen the lady go, but his eyes rested on no such face or form; she was gone the crowd had passed hurrying by, and sadly the thought came over him, that he should never see her again.

"Who can she be? Where has she gone?" he exclaimed, "Perhaps she is already another's; Oh! that I could have asked her name, that I could by some excuse have given her my card; for if she is not another's even if she should love me, I fear we shall never meet again!" And as he thought of their accidental meeting, of the uncertainty of their ever meeting again, and of the improbability that she should have been effected by the sight of him, as he had been by her, he felt and exclaimed, "I shall never see her more." And walking slowly to his writing desk, he took a pen and wrote the following lines, in the fulness of his heart:

Sweet being of my early dreams,
Oft imaged in my mind, but never,
Until this moment have I seen;
Thy lovely form now gone forever!

O, I shall ne'er, ne'er see again,
The loveliest face, the dearest eyes,
That just appeared, and vanished then,
And left me sorrowing, and in sighs.

Where hast thou gone, fair lady, say?
Why did I see thee, e'en that minute?
That sight has torn my hope away;
I've seen the prize, but ne'er can win it!

Alas, fair girl! had I ne'er seen
Thy Angel form, I should have prayed,
In dreamy hope, and still have been,
Living alone for thee, sweet maid.

But now I've caught a glimpse of thee,
Ah, one mere glimpse, and only one,

My fairy hopes are fled from me,
And I must pass my life alone!
Farewell, sweet maid! should I ne'er see
Thy beauteous image yet again,
I'll watch, and sigh, alone for thee;
And sorrowing pass life's lonely main.

He felt as he wrote; and as he finished the last line he exclaimed, "Sweet maid, to thee, I'll e'er be true, though ne'er again thy lovely face shall bless my sight!"

Although he felt it would be in vain, yet he determined to look in every face he should meet, until he should again see her, who alone could make him happy.

But weeks and months passed off, and no such form his eyes had rested on; he had attended meetings, concerts, and balls, keeping her image uppermost in his mind, and vainly hoping to meet her for whom alone he now wished to live. As time passed, hope grew less, and although he determined the disappointment should have little or no effect upon his health, happiness, and general appearance, and that it should be his own secret, still his friends saw that at times he was sad and melancholy, and that his cheek and eye were losing some of their freshness and lustre; but the cause they could not divine.

We will now leave him for a short time to see what effect the meeting between himself and Ellen Flint, (for such was the name of the young lady with whom he was so deeply enamored,) had upon her.

Ellen was the daughter of a very worthy wholesale dry goods merchant in K— street, who resided with his family about six miles from Boston, but remained in the city during business hours each day; and he was the very man of whom the Lincoln's bought most of their goods.

Ellen used sometimes to get into her father's chaise and ride with him to Boston to spend the day in shopping, or visiting friends; and at the time she called at Lincoln's store, was on one of these shopping excursions; the little girl with her was his sister's child, whom she had persuaded her father to take also to Boston, that she might suit her with a pair of nice mits.

One of Mr. Flint's clerks, a very worthy young man of five and twenty, was desperately in love with Ellen; her parents favored the match; and she an affectionate girl of eighteen, was not adverse to him, or his love; although she did not return it with the fervor he felt for her.

But the instant she saw Lincoln her affections had found a nucleus, around which to cluster, and twine their choicest flowers. She respected Barker her father's clerk, but now felt that she did not love him; and as she left Lincoln's store, she hoped again to see him who now alone "reigned in her bosom," to ascertain who he was, and whether she might dare to love, and hope for love again. But their confusion and the mutual diffidence and modesty of both, prevented them from using any of the numerous means that might have been adopted, to obtain a knowledge of each other; and Ellen passed out of the store with almost a consciousness of never seeing him again; and when she did turn in the street to see where and what the store was she had just left, her eyes met Lincoln's, and she hurried away so confused that she lost all definite idea of the store, or its probable number in the street, nor did she pause until she met her father at his store in K— street, where he was waiting for her arrival to go home.

Ellen would have gone to Boston the next day,

and under the excuse of shopping, endeavored to find the store with the polite, handsome young man; but a feeling of diffidence and modesty forbade. Still she could not be contented or satisfied with herself at staying at home. "For if," thought she, "the young gentleman is unmarried, and if he should wish, and attempt to see me, to find who I am, he must fail to do so, if I stay mewed up here. Should I be so fortunate as again to see him, I will not by word or action, give him the impression that I sought him out, neither will I seek him out; I will but try to be where he can seek me out if he is so disposed."

Thus soliloquised the timid and hopeful Ellen, as she rode with her father towards Boston a week after the encounter with Lincoln. She walked up and down the length of Washington street, entered every store that she fancied bore the least resemblance to the one she sought, and again attempted to procure the mits she had failed to get before. She passed Lincoln's store without knowing it. He had but that instant left the door (where he had stood almost every moment for a week in the hope she might go by and be seen of him;) and was standing at his desk, copying the lines he had written in haste after losing sight of her in the crowd a week before.

Ellen obtained that day the mits, but no view of Lincoln. Sad and doubtful forebodings ruled her thoughts, as she entered her father's store to wait his return home. In a few moments after her arrival, Barker was by her side and offered to go go with her a shopping.

"I thank you Mr. Barker, I have finished my shopping."

"Would you like to walk on the Common? it is a beautiful day to walk; or will you go anywhere Miss Flint?" enquired Barker, adding that he had nothing to employ his time for an hour or two.

But Ellen politely declined all, pleaded fatigue, and urged her father to go home.

[Concluded in our next.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

Or, Leaves from my Portfolio.

No. 2.

How hath fared the world with thee, dear reader, since last we met? Though but one short month has intervened, yet it has doubtless borne its messages of joy or sadness, to many a heart. Perchance the right of sense, beloved object, has caused many a gentle bosom to thrill with unalloyed pleasure—while to others, the separation of the warmest ties that bind them to earth, has changed the joyous song of youthful gladness, into notes of sorrow and of mourning. Truly is this a changing world—its transitory scenes advene and vanish, like the fleeting shadows of the passing cloud, as it yields to the impulse of the rising gale. Well hath the preacher of sacred writ discoursed upon the shortness of time, and the uncertainty of all terrestrial things.

Speaking of "preachers," it brings more clearly to mind this by no means unimportant class of community. Their appearance is somewhat peculiar—whether as individuals, or as members of society at large, they are always distinguished by those grave and reverend characteristics which so

well comport with their high mission. They are not wholly exempt, however from the mischances of an earthly existence, but rather seem to share their full quota of failings and incidents to which man is of necessity heir. I well recollect one or two instances in which the clerical dignity was considerably lowered—both in a physical and intellectual point of view. As I received the account of them from the lips of a celebrated doctor of divinity, their authenticity must remain unquestioned.

A certain clergyman, not a thousand miles from New-York, has become habituated to placing implicit confidence in his notes, when discoursing from the pulpit. A malicious wag, being cognizant of the fact, happened to pass through his study one day when the "dominie" was absent; and perceiving the manuscript of a sermon lying upon the writing-desk, he dextrously inserted a single word in lieu of one in the original text. Upon the succeeding Sabbath, unsuspecting of any such transformation the good minister arose to propound the subject of his discourse. He commenced reading in this wise:

"And the righteous shall flourish like a green bay"—*horse!* Well, it is *horse!*"

Another instance of the depression of ministerial dignity but more of a physical than an intellectual nature, is as follows: A certain clergyman, while officiating at the sacred desk, was in the habit of moving the Bible, which lay upon the cushion before him, from one side to the other—alternating its position with the pronunciation of nearly every sentence; and he was also accustomed to dextrously balancing it upon the outer edge of the pulpit, until it was just ready to fall over on the other side. One day warning in his discourse, he was not as circumspect as usual; and as he raised his hands in some sudden exclamation, the "gude book" began to manifest strong symptoms of a tendency to a downward career. The minister perceiving the result, quickly endeavored to grasp it; but it was too far gone; and being unable to resist the mortal inertia generated by his own body, *over he went too!*

Kind reader, did you ever take into consideration the countless blessings, the manifold benefits, conferred upon man by *Light*? I mean not the investigation of the elements of which it is composed, nor the attempts at solving the grand query as to its precise nature but only the observing of the results attendant upon its genial, vivifying presence. How "grandly beautiful" has MILTON shadowed forth the office and high destiny of effulgent Light. Coexistent with eternity itself it forms the robe in which the Almighty veils from the gaze of angels, and of seraphs pure the unapproachable glories which surround his throne. How indescribably glorious must have been the prospect when Jehovah gave forth the mandate that illumined the boundless universe, with undying radiance, and blessed light to the remotest realms of creation. That light which had before dwelt only in the presence of the Grand Architect of all created things; or perchance a few reflected rays streamed over the pearly battlements of a celestial paradise reaching far in the river beyond, a startling gloomy Night, as he sat throned in royal state of ebony hue. When the god of day, has taken his departure, from earth, and the reign of darkness begins, how cheerless to the outward senses seems every object by which we are surrounded. Dark, lowering clouds sweep across the sky, their dim outlines scarcely perceptible, as

they seem to shroud with a mighty pall, the wide extent of Nature's vast domain. The howling winds chant a requiem for the departed glory of terrestrial loveliness, or shout in exultation at the restoration of the sway of gloomy darkness and chaotic strife. How toils the weary mariner at such a time as this. At every surge of the mighty waves, his frail bark tumbles and groans and tosses wildly about, like a living creature in its dying agony—the sails are rent, the masts broken, and the dismantled ship, with her hapless crew seem destined to inevitable destruction. But at this moment, when terror is impressed upon every countenance, and despair reigns in every heart, the rays from the lamp of the distant light-house, came streaming over the waters its light reflected from the tops of the crested waves, and the tumultuous surface of the foaming billows. With what joy does the despairing sailors hail the sight of that guiding star, which can conduct him to a haven of rest. Truly "they who go down to the sea in ships, who do business upon the great waters" know and appreciate the blessings of light. Even childhood almost instantly discerns the difference between the light and darkness; and when the infant who fell asleep with trembling fear 'mid the gloom of nocturnal sway, awakes at the dawn of day, and beholds the first rays of the morning light, he waves his tiny arms as a welcome to the rising sun, and with a happy smile he sinks into a gentle slumber; "for it is light."

But I find I am growing dull and prosy and I must foreclose my *essay*—this attempt to throw *light* upon the subject of *light*—and bid thee good reader, adieu. Perhaps we shall meet again, when the dog-star rageth, and I will then endeavor to discourse more effectually to thy edification and amusement. The night warneth—the antiquated town-clock, has tolled the passing hour; and I subscribe myself your humble servant. SKETCHER.

BIOGRAPHY.



GEORGE BUCHANAN.

GEORGE BUCHANAN, a learned Scotchman, born near Kellern, in Lenox, 1506. Though his relations were poor, yet he was well educated by the advice of his uncle Heriot who foresaw his future eminence; and at Paris and in Scotland, he acquired that learning which contributed so much to his honor and the honor of his country. He early embraced, from conviction, the tenets of Luther, and at Paris became acquainted with the earl of Cassilis, with whom for five years he was engaged as an instructor and a friend. After the death of Cassilis he was appointed by the king, preceptor to his natural son, the famous Moray, but the jealousy of the papists and the severity of his satire against the monks, especially in his piece called *Frances canus*, rendered his situation so dangerous that he fled to England, and from thence to France. For three years, under the friendly patronage of Andrew Govianus, he lived in obscurity at Bourdeaux, and

taught in the public schools there, and wrote four Latin tragedies, to draw the attention of his pupils from the allegories of the moderns to imitation of the purer models of Greece and Rome. The jealousy of cardinal Beaton, however, who had persecuted him in Scotland, pursued him in his retirement, and he left Bourdeaux for Coimbra, where till the death of his patron Govianus, he was respected and admired for his lectures in philosophy and classical learning. Soon his opposition to the Catholic tenets, and his being a foreigner, rendered him suspected, and he was confined by his enemies in a monastery, where he translated the psalms of David into Latin. When set at liberty he embarked for England, and then returned to France, where in 1554, the elegant dedication of his tragedy of Jephtha procured him the friendship of marshal de Cossi, who made him for five years preceptor to his son. In 1566, he was made principle of St. Lenord's college, St. Andrews, and invited by Mary of Scots to be the future preceptor to her son; but he forgot his gratitude in the misfortunes of that unhappy princess, and in his "Detection" severely arranged her character in favor of his pupil Moray. The appointment which Mary destined for him was confirmed by the states, and from him James VI. derived much of the knowledge of literature and the critical taste which he afterwards displayed on the throne. In the thirteen last years of his life, Buchanan was engaged in writing the history of his country, but though nervous, elegant, and perspicuous, it is occasionally deficient in fidelity and accuracy. He died at Edinburgh 28th February, 1582. His works were published together, Edinburgh, 2 vols. fol. 1714.

MISCELLANY.

RELY ON YOURSELF.

We often hear young men complaining that they are born poor. Very well; what harm? Look around you and you will find that nine-tenths of our rich men were in early life, not worth a cent; console yourself, then, with the reflection, that if the past is any guarantee for the future, your chances of being wealthy are better than if you had been born rich. The fact is, while you ought to have been up and doing, you have been crying to Jupiter to help you out of the mire with your wheel. Rely on yourself hereafter. Consider that in this world where every man is striving his best to outdo his neighbor, you will have to wait forever if you trust the advancement of your fortunes to others. The old Greek began to carry the calf when young, and became eventually strong enough to bear a bull. Do you like him, go to work in earnest, and by and by you will be astonished to see what you can do. The great secret of the failure of the rich man's sons in life, is this: they depend on their father's wealth, lose all energy, enterprise and industry, and are, at last, in spite of their advantages, distanced by those who have been stripped and girt for the race for years. We once read a story, whose hero took for his motto, "*Push*,"—and whenever any difficulty met him, and he felt his heart sinking, he whispered "*Push*" to himself, and went to work resolute on success. What made Napoleon so great a man?—It was his *iron will*, quite as much as his genius. Your men who have no minds of their own, and are unable to rely on themselves, are like children in go carts, who, the moment their support is gone, tumble headlong. We love a sturdy, determined boy at school, even if he is a little obstinate; for we know

he will get along in the world. All your great reformers have been men of resolute wills. Luther would have failed at the crisis of his fate, had he not said he was going to Worms though it should rain Duke Georges nine days in succession, and every roof be piled with devils. When the charges of French cavalry broke among the British squares at Waterloo, like successive waves before Eddystone, in a tempestuous sea, Wellington exclaimed, "Gentlemen, we must die at our post; there can be no retreat," and it was that heroic resolution, and *that only*, which won the day. And this is the secret of all success. Take our word for it, young man, unless you make up your mind to rely on yourself, you will never achieve any thing worthy of your manhood.—*U. S. Gazette.*

MONEY.

We propose to offer to our readers, in this dollar seeking age, a chapter on pelf, or, scripturally speaking, filthy lucre; that all desired, all potent agent, by which all things are put in motion, saving the elements themselves; while they, even, are made subservient and tributary by it to human desire. To attempt to describe the charms or the power of money, were wastful and ridiculous expenditure of words. In the language of Sprague upon Curiosity—

"who hath not felt
Its spirit, and before its altar knelt?"

It is said some beings have been found of senses so icy cold, of feelings so frigid, so torpid, and dull, of souls so solitary, that they have never known even the faintest thrill of love within their hearts; but no one has ever yet been found—at least no one Saxon blood who did not confess the magic charm of gold. For money the world rises before the sun is in the heavens, and toils long after his going down. Hark to the mourning cries, to the increasing roar of the great city, as the rush of life hurries through its crowded thoroughfares; walk by its glittering shops, its wharves crowded with the products of separated climes; mark its arriving cars and departing fleets; and ponder the thousand occupations of the busy crowd, whose incessant and varied labor no pen can chronicle; and remember that this ceaseless and multifarious labor is for money; then ask and answer the question, what is money?

Money is but a name for human labor; it is the conventional representative of human activity.

The labor of the arm, and the labor of the brain are alike represented by money. For every dollar in existence there has been at some time, by some one, some amount of toil; and as this was once labor, it can be given in exchange for labor. It may now be impossible to tell what specific act it represented; all we know is, it may have represented any of the various labors of man. It may symbol and embody the toil of the mariner on his high and giddy mast; of the soldier on his weary march; of the statesman in high council; the eloquent orator in stern debate; the farmer tilling the rugged acres of the paternal farm; the mechanic at his work; the physician assuaging the sick man's malady; the preacher expounding truths divine; the poet discoursing in wrapt fervor; or the sculptor chiseling in Parian marble shapes which belong to immortality.

And as it represents all that man has done, it can be exchanged for all that man can do for his fellow man.

The pursuit of money is but the endeavor to

convert to personal use the boundless activity of the human race—to control for individual ends the wonderful energies of man.

Nor need any man, who can from his physical or mental toil produce something which his fellow man will value, fear or doubt but that in return he may receive from the like, through the seemingly mysterious agency of money.

Remember, however, there are things—the most desirable too, of all—for which money is not equivalent, and which it can neither represent nor procure—an unsullied reputation, a pure conscience, and the favor of Heaven.

SECURING A COMPETENCY.

The pursuit of competence is commendable, and is favorable to many virtues; it implies industry, prudence, integrity, and temperance; for without the benefit of all these, it is as likely to succeed, as the attempt to fill a sieve with water. Its results are, to enable you to provide for the comfort of those dearest to you, and to exercise the best feelings of our nature in ministering to the destitute. Even the thoughtless Burns advises to secure a competence;

"Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Not for a train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege,
Of being independent."

But the pursuit of wealth, for the mere sake of wealth, is a far different thing. It is in this sense that love of money has been declared the root of all evil. Its fruits are meanness, in justice and dishonesty; and with whatever success it may be crowned, it cannot command respect, or bring happiness.

THE BITER BITTEN.

SOME one has told an anecdote something like this: A gambler challenged an old pilot on the Mississippi to play a game of loo. The old fellow was too much for the travelling gentleman, and bled him \$50 in short metre.

"Now," says the blackleg, "I'll bet you \$50 against the \$50 you have just won, that I can turn up a Jack the first time trying."

"Never mind," says the old pilot, "let's have a hand at old sledge. You can easily get your change back at that."

But so far from this in a few hours the gambler was minus \$50 more: when he offered to bet a hundred dollars he could turn up Jack.

"Very well, go ahead."

Over went the whole pack.

"Wall," said the gambler, "I reckon there's a Jack up."

"Not that you knows on," said the pilot, "for while we were at old sledge, I stole out all the Jacks."

The blackleg had run against a snag, and was't insured!—*Rochester Democrat.*

TRAINING IDLE BOYS.

IN the city of Eumich, Germany, all boys found asking alms, are taken to an asylum established for that purpose. And before they have been cleaned, or their dirty clothes removed, a portrait of each is taken, representing him as when found begging. When the portrait is finished, he is cleaned, and presented with a new set of clothes. After going through a regular course of education, appointed by the directors of the Asylum, he is put to learn a trade, at which he works until he has earned enough to liquidate his expences from the first day he entered

the institution. When this is completed, he is dismissed from the institution to gain his livelihood. At the same time, the portrait taken when he first entered, is presented to him; which he promises to preserve as long as he lives, in order that he may remember the abject condition from which he has been redeemed, and his obligations of gratitude. May not this furnish a good hint to those, who ought to care for the ignorant and poor in our midst?

A TOUCHING LITTLE STORY.

THE Cardinal Farnes, who was very properly named the patron of the poor, gave public audience once a week to indigent persons in his neighborhood, and distributed his abundance to them according to their wants. A woman of genteel address, but in a forlorn condition, presented herself one day with her daughter, a beautiful creature, about fifteen years old, before the liberal ecclesiastic.

"My Lord," said she, "the rent of my house (five crowns) has been due some days, and my landlord threatens to turn me into the street unless he is paid within the week. Have the goodness my lord cardinal, to interpose your sacred authority, till by our industry we can satisfy the demand of our persecutor."

The cardinal wrote a billet, which he put into the petitioner's hand, and said, "Go to my steward with this paper, and receive from him five crowns. But the steward on presenting the document, paid down fifty. The woman positively refused to receive more than five, alledging that his eminence gave her to expect no more, and that it must be a mistake. Both were so convinced of acting literally according to order, that it was mutually agreed to refer the matter to the cardinal himself.

"It is true," said he, "there must be a mistake. Give me the paper, I will rectify it. He returned the billet, thus certified, to the woman, saying, "So much candor and honesty deserves recompense. Here I have ordered you a thousand crowns. What you can spare of it, lay up as a dowry for your daughter in marriage, and regard my donation as the blessing of God on the upright disposition of a pure mind."

COOL.

ADMIRAL HOWE, when a Captain, was once hastily awakened in the middle of the night, by the lieutenant of the watch, who informed him with great agitation that the ship was on fire near the magazine. "If that be the case," said he, rising leisurely to put on his clothes, "we shall soon hear another report of the matter." The lieutenant flew back to the scene of danger, and almost instantly returning, exclaimed, "You need not be afraid; the fire is extinguished." "Afraid!" exclaimed Howe, "what do you mean by that, sir? I never was afraid in my life," and looking the lieutenant full in the face, he added, "Pray, how does a man feel, sir, when he is afraid? I need not ask how he looks."

A BIG CANNON.

WE heard a story some time since of Joe —, which will bear repeating:

Joe was one evening seated in the bar-room of a country tavern in Canada, where were assembled several old countrymen discussing various matters connected with the "pomp and circumstance of war." In the course of some remarks, one of them stated that the British government possessed the largest cannon in the world, and gave the dimen-

sions of one he had seen. Joe's Yankee pride would not allow him to let such an assertion pass without contradiction.

"Poh! gentlemen," said he, "I won't deny but that is a fair sized cannon; but you're a leetle mistaken in supposing it to be the largest in the world. It's not to be named in the same minute with one of our Yankee guns I saw in Charleston last year. Jupiter! that was a cannon! Why, sirs, it is so infernally large that the soldiers were obliged to employ a yoke of oxen to draw in the ball!"

"The devil they were!" exclaimed one of his hearers, with a smile of triumph; "pray, can you tell me how they got the oxen out again?"

"Why, you fool," returned Joe, "they unyoked 'em and drove 'em out through the vent."

ALL FOR THE BEST.

OLD father Hodge was a queer dick; and in his own way, made every thing a subject of rejoicing. His son Ben came in one day and said.

"Father, that old black sheep has got two lambs."

"Good," says the old man "that's the most profitable sheep on the farm."

"But one on 'em's dead," returned Ben.

"I'm glad on't," says the father, "it'll be better for the old sheep."

"But the t'other's dead too," says Ben.

"So much the better," rejoins Hodge, "she'll make a grand piece of mutton in the fall."

"Yes, but the old sheep's dead too," exclaims Ben.

"Dead! dead! what, the old sheep dead?" cries old Hodge, "that's good darn her, she was always an ugly old scamp."

A BRIGHT CHILD.

THE following dialogue recently occurred between a mistress of one of our public schools and a scholar.

"James if you take three from five, how many will remain?"

"I don't know, marm," replied the urchin, biting his thumb-nail.

"Don't know! If five birds are singing on a tree, and a naughty boy should fire a gun and kill three, how many would be left?"

"None," was the prompt reply.

"Why yes, there would be some left."

"No there wouldn't please marm, *cause the others would fly away.*"

MIND AND BODY.—We have totally forgotten bodily pain twenty four hours after it occurred; but mental sufferings always leaves a scar, sometimes a wound behind. Bodily exhaustion, what is it? We have passed a night of dissipation; well then we can sleep it off—a very pleasant remedy for weariness. But for that mental exhaustion which succeeds overstrained attention, and leaves the mind bereft of vigor and elasticity, there is no agreeable remedy, nothing but the shower-bath of adversity or the caustic of suffering which the skillful physician Fate knows how to administer.

DISCRETION.—Addison eulogises discretion after this manner:—"There are many more shining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none so useful as discretion—it is this, indeed, that gives a value to all the rest, which sets them at work in their proper times and places, and turns them to the advantage of the person who is possessed of them.—Without it learning is pedantry, and wit

impertinance; virtue itself looks like weakness; the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in errors, and active in his own prejudice."

A HARD QUESTION.—When the Prince Bishop of Liege was riding to battle at the head of a fine body of troops, he was asked by a spectator, how he, a minister, could engage in the iniquities of a war? "I wage war," replied the prelate, "in my character of prince, not of archbishop." "And pray," continued the interrogator, "when the devil carries off the prince, what will become of the archbishop?"

"THE last link is broken that bound me to thee," as the horse said when he kicked off his traces and ran away from the plough.

THE world is a mongrel—half spaniel, half wolf. Lash it often, and when you require it, a whistle will bring it at your feet; show but the slightest symptom of fear, and it will turn round upon, and worry you even unto death.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

M. & H. G. Franklinton, N. Y. \$1.00; J. B. Mackinnon, Mich. \$1.00; S. A. G. Centre Lisle, N. Y. \$1.00; A. T. Williamsburgh, Ms. \$1.00; R. W. North Hadley, Ms. \$2.50; Mrs. G. M. Upper Redhook, N. Y. \$1.00; H. D. Portville, N. Y. \$1.00; T. S. H. South Wallington, Vt. \$2.00; R. C. Wethersfield, N. Y. \$1.00; M. R. Parish, N. Y. \$1.00; J. C. C. Norway, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Centre Gorham, N. Y. \$2.25; C. F. H. Poughquag, N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. C. Jersey City, N. J. \$1.00; T. L. A. Plainfield, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Waterbury, Vt. \$2.00.



In this city, on the 29th ult. by the Rev. E. Crawford, Mr. Philemon Hazleton, to Miss Mary Frier.

In Stuyvesant, on the 11th ult. by the Rev. B. Van Zandt, David Bigelow, of Bristol, Ulster co. to Marin, daughter of Lucas I. Van Allen, Esq. of Stuyvesant.

At Valatie, on the 17th ult. by the Rev. J. N. Shaffer, Mr. John Pasco, of Cohoes, to Miss Ann B. Thomas, of Valatie.

In Germantown, on the 15th ult. by the Rev. J. Boyd, Mr. Gilbert Stickles, to Miss Margaret Poucher, both of Clermont.



In this city, on the 20th ult. Henry C. Snyder, in the 30th year of his age. His remains were taken to Hillsdale for interment.

In Manchester, on the 9th of April, 1845, Mrs. Lydia Emmons, wife of Enos B. Emmons, aged 25 years and 4 months.

Her resignation to the will of God, her love for the souls of the impenitent, and her earnest desire that professors should be more faithful, are expressed in an exhortation which she wrote upon a slate, a short time before her death, requesting that it should be read in a prayer meeting which was held at her residence. It is as follows.

"Brethren and Sisters, pray for me; not that I may recover, but, as I approach nearer and nearer to dissolution, that I may be better prepared, and not deceived, but enjoy more of the grace of God, to bear up under my pain and suffering, which at times are great—that I may be patient and submissive, willing to be kept in suffering so long as the Lord sees best.

"Say to the impenitent, repent, and seek the Savior, while in health and strength. A sick bed is no place for repentance. The pain and tortures of the body are as much as we can grapple with. It is there we need the blessed consolations of religion to support us. Never in my sickness have I seen a time when I could perform this great work, although it has been prolonged. Be entreated then by one who feels for your never dying souls;—by one who cannot speak to you, and whose voice is almost lost in death, to seek the salvation of your souls. To-morrow may be too late—Christ is ready to receive you—come to his arms.

"Say to professors, be more faithful in warning sinners to flee the wrath to come; more particular in the example which you set before the world. Thousands of souls, I believe are watching the imperfections of Christians, and thus are hindered from coming to Christ. Do be more faithful, and live for God alone."

She gradually failed in strength; and as she drew near to death, her prospect for a happy immortality brightened. She bid her friends farewell, and prayerfully resigned herself into the arms of the Savior, saying "Lord Jesus receive my spirit."

But is she dead?—no, no, she lives!
Her happy spirit flies
To Heaven above; and there receives
The long expected prize.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

THE OLD FAMILY CLOCK.

BY MISS C. W. BARBER.

TICK on old witness of time's ceaseless flight!
Count off the hours—I would to-night
Call 'round me all my vanished years,
Their hours of sunshine, and of bitter tears,
Dwell with bright forms long passed away,
And press fresh lips, now cold as clay.

TICK on old clock!—my hour of birth
Ye told beside our cottage hearth,
Eyes then glanced brightly up to thee
Which *never more* will smile on me:
Weeks, months and years, then glided fast
And a prattling child those parents clasped.

That child oft gazed delighted at thy face,
And wondered how maturer years could trace
The diamond moments glide away,
And tell the hour for work—the hour for play—
Thy mystic face she puzzled o'er
And proud at last read "*half past four*."

The hand which gazed upon thee then,
Are toiling now 'mid crowds of men,
For golden baubles—puffs of fame,
And the old church-yard has one name
Carved in its bosom, which there rung
In accents clear from many a tongue.

TICK on old clock!—a few days more
These feet will tread a foreign shore,
Thou in this niche will tell the hour
When stars shall set—when ope's the flower,
But oh! tell not above the bier,
Of one loved form around you here.

Say to the young, "be wise! be wise!
And write on every hour which flies,
Wisdom and Truth, so that old age
May find you peaceful, calm, and sage,
Then when ye leave these haunts of strife!
I will not strike—a *wasted life*."

Heath, Mass. 1845.

For the Rural Repository.

TO THE RUINS IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

BY E. W. REYNOLDS.

HAIL, Mighty Chaos of the Western World!
Relics of Ages long since buried,
Like thy massive columns, by the hand of Time!
Yet thy very ashes tell us that thou wert
Once beautiful! Perhaps thy ruined columns
Once stood forth in majesty and pride,
Polished, and glancing in the morning sun,
Like spear and plume borne from the valley forth!
I doubt not the day has been,
When in yon massive pile, the great
And gifted stood, with eyes that flashed
With conscious pride, as they gazed upon
The sturdy walls and well defended
Rampart, that seemed to defy e'en Time,
War, Pestilence, and raging Famine!
Ah, they little thought that Ruin was so nigh,
Ruin that would ere long, sweep
Like a whirlwind o'er them;
Burying their city, palaces, and thrones,
Forever!

They little thought that men
Would one day wander o'er their silent graves—
Men of another race, and coming
Far remote—and search in vain for traces
Of their origin! They little thought the sun
That one day lit them to victory, conquest,
And wealth, would shine upon
Their blackened ruins, and their graves
Now torn asunder, and their sacred dust
Scattered indignant o'er the distant plain!

Yon Idol,

Which e'en now doth seem to frown
Upon the ravages which Time hath made,
Perchance personifies some noble sage,
Like Solon, from whose lips
The words of wisdom often came forth,
Or from whose pen the laws of a nation's right
Proceeded! Perchance the features are those
Of some warlike King, who,
Like Alexander, led his legions on,
O'er many a dreary waste and dark defile,
And won the spoils of the red field of fight,
And then came back, adorned with
Waving plumes, while flashing spears,
And banners floating in the breeze,
Proclaim afar the Monarch's victory!

Chaotic mass!

In vain we search the page of History;
In vain we trace our fingers o'er
Thy Hieroglyphic inscriptions! No name,
No trace appears! Thou art the
Remnant of a mighty race, thy ruins
And thy ashes testify; but where
Thy name didst originate, no one shall know!
Perhaps these ruined masses, could they speak,
Would tell a tale well worth the time and space,
Perchance the history of their ruin would afford
A moral lesson to our Modern Nations.
Ah! doubtless thou didst sink amid
The mighty powers of some giant foe,
While the shouts of victory, and the
Dread wail of defeat, rose high,
Above thy smoking ruins and flaming towers!
And yet, the Pestilence—dread foe of
All the earth—might have consumed
Thy destruction. We know not,
Nor shall we ever know, the tale of thy
Mysterious disappearance! Then rest,
Gigantic Ruins, rest in peace!
Unknown thou liest, and unknown thou wilt decay!
Cuba, Allegany Co. N. Y. 1845.

For the Rural Repository.

THE CIRCASSIAN EXILE'S LAMENT.

BY MISS HENRIETTA GAY.

THE galling chains are round me; I'm bound to this dark cell,
But in a few short hours, I must bid this land farewell,
My flowers, that reared their beauteous heads, beside my
mountain home

Must drink, their cups of dew and bloom, where strangers now
shall roam.

My early scenes of childhood—my cottage 'neath the trees,
The gurgling rivulet that flowed; a long adieu to these.

My mother's grave by stranger's feet, must now be rudely prest,
But sleep; my sainted mother sleep; they cannot break thy
rest.

In peace thy being's sun went down; in peace thy race was
run,

For thou didst never deem the fate that waits thy exiled son.

I've struggled to retain this land I've fought beside the brave,
I've seen a gallant brother fall, a soldier's crowded grave,
My aged father's blood gushed free, and stained the battle
ground,

His dark proud eye, gleamed wildly forth, his lips bore forth a
sound;

Press on! press on; my valiant men, bow not before the foe,
Lay down your lives at freedom's shrine, and strike the deadly
blow!

Let not the boasting Russian see, you fear his countless band
Were they as sand along the sea, my men must nobly stand.
Shrink not to hear the clang of arms, that's borne upon the
gale,

Fear not the mighty foe you see, crowded in yonder vale.
Go forward, in the ranks of war, go, with a fearless step,

The Lord of Hosts will go before, and grant you victory yet,
Then fare thee well my noble men, a long a last adieu,

My warm life's blood doth freely flow, my pulses now are
few,

The strength of this strong arm is gone, and dull's this death
struck eye,

My shield, and spear, I've laid aside—my hour has come to
die,

But blessed are the Patriot dead, for calm will be their sleep
They will not wake again to see, their bleeding country weep.

For o'er the soul no tyrant's power, shall reign in the dark
gloom,

The earth has chains for man, but there's, no bondage in the
tomb.

But go ye forth! not with the mein of those that are bereft,
For ah! to die in freedom's cause, it is a glorious death,
Then turn ye not, to gaze on me! for calm will be my sleep,
To-day thou must avenge my death, to-morrow thou canst
weep.

My father died, as die the brave; but ah! we strove in vain,
Our fate was otherwise decreed, the field we could not gain,
And I'm an exile doomed to go, far, far, from friends and home,
And be the unfeeling Russian's slave, in foreign lands to roam.
Although the clang of arms are heard, upon each hill and vale
And groans of dying men are borne upon the passing gale,
The blood of my brave countrymen, runs like a rivulet by,
I would to God that 'twas my fate, that like them I might die.
But hark! what sound is that, that breaks, the stillness of my
cell,

It is, it is, the signal gun, the last the parting knell,
For now the anchors they are weighed, the bark will leave
the shore,

And bear the weary exile hence—this land I'll see no more,
The green clad hills, the gushing rills will fade from my fond
view;

Farewell, farewell, dear native land, a long, a last adieu.

Stockport, N. Y. 1845.

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